

The Missionary Intelligencer.

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Cincinnati, Ohio.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE CENTENNIAL CONVENTION.

ANTICIPATION has yielded. We now have in mind and heart the actual treasures of our great Convention. And we are the better and the greater for them—the nearer God!

While conscious of disadvantages—particularly the pitiful inadequacy of halls for vast assemblies—joys have the right of way in memory, and regrets give way to words of thanksgiving.

To W. R. Warren, specially, we must voice our gratitude. His service as Centennial Secretary has been a tireless, life-consuming service. He withheld nothing. The unselfish suggestion of Bro. Tharp—himself a most efficient member of the Committee on Arrangements—that Bro. Warren be sent abroad on a tour of rest and recuperation, should be seconded, as it will be, by the glad gifts of our people everywhere.

But not to Bro. Warren alone do we turn gratefully. We thank every member of our Committee whose thought was our comfort and pleasure. We recognize that many burdens were cheerfully borne for us, and the man we most abused yesterday for what he did not do, now stands high in favor in the remembrance of what he did do!

The Convention fellowship was the holiest earth can give. It spoke in tongues of all the earth the gracious things of the one spirit of our Lord. Age was there—revered, and youth appreciated. The rich were there in all humility, and the poor in the joy of their riches in Christ. The widely known were there, shrinking from the very love that thousands wished to voice, and trying to direct affection aright, to the unheralded rank and file of our people's loyalty. It was the sacred comradeship of a great family of faith in which only Christ was counted Master and all others simply "brethren!"

And the Convention's cry to the world was the cry of a living faith! The Word of God found constant honor—the Christ was the central theme! Men called for the unity of the people of God that the Savior's prayer might find answer, and waged world evangelism that he might find honor everywhere! The sense of Ambassadorship dominated all hearts! Men spoke as though "sent of God" and we will return to our homes thinking less of the many things that tend to division and weakness, and more of the "this one thing" of positive and exalted evangelism that tends to unity and strength.

So do I feel with the splendid spell of the great Convention still upon me. Such is my gratitude for days ago, my confidence as to days to come.

CHARLES S. MEDBURY, in the Christian Century.

FINANCIAL EXHIBIT.

The following is a comparative statement of the receipts for Foreign Missions for the month of October, the first month of the new missionary year.

	1908	1909	Gain
Contributions from Churches.....	39	54	15
Contributions from Sunday-schools.....	41	43	2
Contributions from C. E. Societies.....	110	57	*53
Individual Contributions	64	101	37

Amounts	\$3,796.99	\$7,060.25	\$3,263.26
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Comparing the receipts from different sources shows the following:

	1908	1909	Gain
Churches	\$ 746.45	\$3,761.56	\$3,015.11
Sunday-schools	443.80	427.08	*16.72
Christian Endeavor	892.46	566.06	*326.40
Individual	1,445.47	1,351.85	*93.62
Miscellaneous	248.81	438.70	189.89
Annuities		500.00	500.00
Bequests	20.00	15.00	*5.00

Gain in Regular Receipts\$2,768.26

Gain in Annuities 500.00

Loss in Bequests 5.00

*Loss

Last year there was a gain in the receipts every month. May it be so this year. Let us see to it that there is no lost ground, but a great advance, this, the first year, of our new century. Send offerings to F. M. Rains, Secretary, Box 884, Cincinnati, Ohio.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The harvest indeed is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest.

Let every soul interested in the work pray for two medical men: one for Monieka, Africa, and one for Tibet.

"The missionary is an outpost. The extent to which we push our outposts forward is the measure of our vitality, of how much we have in us to do for the world."

"Your last year's report was nothing short of great. You will move up to the \$400,000 mark this year."—J. C. Mason, Dallas, Texas.

Let us make our great Bible classes, our social clubs, our banquets, step-ladders on which to climb to the lofty aim of world evangelization.

Let no one fail to read the accounts of the death of Dr. Loftis. These accounts were written by Dr. and Mrs. Shelton. Nothing more thrilling has appeared in many a day.

In printing the receipts in the Annual Report, it is almost impossible to wholly avoid making mistakes. This year two serious mistakes were made. The Christian Woman's Board of Missions of Ontario is credited with \$3.34; it should be \$334. The Christian Woman's Board of Missions of the Maritime Provinces of Canada with \$3.70, which should be \$370. It is easy to see how such mistakes occur, but they are none the less regrettable on that account. The printers and proof-readers beg to apologize for these errors.

A brother in Illinois agrees to give \$5,000 toward a mission building in Matanzas, Cuba, upon the condition that \$5,000 more is raised for that purpose. This is a move in the right direction.

Three editions of "Where the Book Speaks" have been sold. This work sells as well now as it did when it was first issued from the press. It will be as timely a century hence as it is to-day.

The receipts of the Foreign Society for the month of October amounted to \$7,060, a gain over the corresponding month last year of \$3,263. Good start on the new year—the first year of our second century.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee of the Foreign Society, Tilden Eldredge and wife were appointed missionaries to the Philip-

pine Islands. The growing work there demands an increased force.



Davis Errett, Salem, Oregon,

Who was one among the first to suggest the building of the "S. S. Oregon" by the brethren in the State of Oregon. He was present at the dedication of the boat October 13th, and participated in the exercises.

The devil always smiles when a disciple clinches his argument for "primitive Christianity" on one day, and on the day following gives fifty cents for the preaching of the gospel in all the world, when he ought to give \$50.

O. G. Hertzog and wife are planning to visit Japan and China next July or August. It will be remembered that Mrs. E. I. Osgood, of Chu Cheo, China, is their daughter. They have had it in their hearts for some years to visit China.

The season for the Missionary Rallies is here. Maps, charts, curios, and literature in abundance will be in evidence. Two missionaries will speak at each service. The ministers of the

neighborhood will be present and will assist.

The Sixth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement will be held in Rochester, N. Y., December 29th to January 2d next. The last convention was held in Nashville, Tenn., 1906, when 4,235 delegates were present.

The missionary books that the Society handles are sold at cost, and not for profit. They are so cheap that they are within the reach of all. Their quality is not to be judged by the price. No other books are so well worth reading.

Those who can attend a Foreign Missionary Rally should not fail to do so. A Rally is as profitable and as enjoyable as a National Convention.

It is a convention brought to the doors of thousands who are so situated that they can not go far from home.

Prof. Harry T. Sutton, of Eureka, will spend a month attending Conventions of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. He will speak and help the brethren of the churches gather up the results of the Conventions. Prof. Sutton is a great speaker and has a message for the churches that they will profit by hearing.

The preacher who has no interest in seeing Christ have sway from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth, has no credentials for a call to preach the gospel in the home land. God with his mighty hands of progress has squeezed the bigness from our world until we rub elbows with the Tibetan and the Hottentot.



Mrs. Elizabeth I. Arnold and Family.

This good woman now resides at Rugby, England. It will be remembered she and her husband spent many years in China. T. J. Arnold died three years ago. The children are in school and are growing in knowledge and all usefulness.

Professor K. Ishikawa, of Drake College, Tokio, visited the convention in Pittsburg. His addresses were admirable and were well received. After the convention and before he visited a number of churches and colleges, he made a most favorable impression everywhere. He carried back the best wishes of those with whom he had to do.

There is to be a World Conference on Foreign Missions in Edinburgh June 14th-24th. The Foreign Society is entitled to eighteen delegates. About a dozen have been appointed. Several more are needed. Those who can go and will go would do well to report their names to the Society. Those who go are expected to go at their own charges.

G. T. Walden writes that the churches in Australia will give an average of at least sixty cents this year for Foreign Missions. He reports two Living-link churches and states that the work is growing most encouragingly. If a million and a quarter of Disciples of Christ gave an average of sixty cents the Society would receive an annual income of \$750,000.

Dr. Post, of Beirut, after nearly fifty years of conspicuous service, has entered into the life eternal. He was a medical missionary. Dr. Post published works in Arabic, Latin, English, and French, and on subjects as diverse as surgery, botany, and Biblical interpretation. While an ambassador for Christ he adorned learning, advanced science, and furthered humanitarian measures.

Professor Jevons holds that the missionary is not engaged in a work of supererogation, something with which we at home have no concern. We speak of him as in the forefront of the battle. We do not usually or con-

stantly realize that it is our battle he is fighting—that his defeat, if he were defeated, would be the beginning of the end for us; that on his success our fate depends.

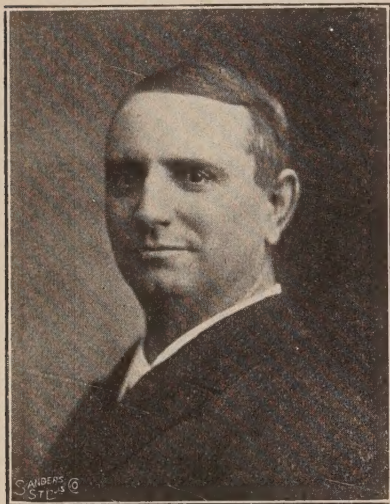
Yale has dedicated a tablet to two eminent missionaries of the class of 1853. One was Hiram Bingham, who spent fifty-one years in Micronesia, and was a navigator, civilizer, and Bible translator. The other was Charles Harding, who spent forty-three years in India, and was devoted and beloved. This was a tribute to the sublimity of spirit and service impersonated by these two men.

The "S. S. Oregon," the new steamer for the Congo River, Africa, which was dedicated during the Centennial Convention, will be completed and shipped about December 1st. Let it be borne in mind that about \$1,500 is yet needed to pay the transportation on the boat to Bolenge. It should be remembered, also, that there is about \$6,000 yet needed to pay for the boat. The brethren in Oregon are going to do their part.

A cablegram has been received from Dr. Dye asking for a medical man for Monieka. The salary of this man is provided. What is needed is the man. Another medical man is needed to take the place left vacant by the death of Dr. Loftis. These two are among the most difficult fields on the globe. The difficulty constitutes their fascination. Before the snow flies two trained physicians should be on their way to fill these places.

B. B. Tyler, Denver, Colo., who expected to attend the World's Missionary Conference, Edinburgh, next June, as a delegate of the Foreign Society, has been compelled to abandon the trip on account of the health of Mrs. Tyler. He says: "Mrs. Tyler is not

able to make the journey, and I can not think of going without her. In all the forty-seven years of our married life we have always gone together on the long journeys."



F. M. Rains

The Board of Managers and the Society in convention assembled authorized F. M. Rains to visit all the fields. He will leave home in July or in August, and be gone about a year. It is seven years since Mr. Rains visited Japan and China; it is fourteen years since Mr. McLean visited all the fields. Great changes have taken place in nearly all the mission fields since then. The committee in charge of the work needs to know about these changes. A personal visit will make clear and plain what no amount of correspondence could do. This visit will be a blessing to the missionaries and a great advantage to the work.

Livingstone and his father talked of the time when single men would support whole mission stations. We are living in that time. The Assembly Herald tells of a young banker who talked with his minister and the treas-

urer, and as a result turned over \$12,000 worth of bonds, the income to be used for evangelistic work in the foreign field. Another built a house for a missionary costing \$3,000, and gave \$2,500 to a college in China.

"I am so impressed with the power of the Living-link reflex in the church that enters that holy vanguard for God in the regions beyond that it will be a first goal for achievement in any church for which I may ever labor not already on the Living-link basis. My experience in three years' maintaining the Living-link justifies the statement that a church once a Living-link cherishes that attainment as its most coveted and exalted privilege, not to be given up."—W. B. Clemmer, Rock Island, Ill.

The Living-link idea has saved Foreign Missions from the far away and the impersonal. It has brought the work to our doors and introduced it to us in forms of flesh and blood. A multitude of people to whom the work was vagueness itself in earlier years, now walk and work among the peoples of lands afar and actually feel with them the hard experiences of their lives. Anything that thus broadens the horizon of life and love and sympathy is a boon beyond words to the church.—Chas. S. Medbury.

It is not too early for the churches to cast their eyes toward the March Offering for Foreign Missions, the first Sunday in March. The preachers should now begin to lay their plans for a great campaign. They should plan for this great day as they do for a revival, or a church dedication, or the entertainment of a State convention. This is one of the most important events in the whole year in our Zion. The preachers and church officers should give the subject fresh

thought and earnest and devout prayer.

At the Laymen's Missionary Convention in Washington, among the principal speakers were President Taft and Ambassador Bryce. It was proposed at that convention to increase the contributions of the churches of the District of Columbia from \$62,000 last year to \$100,000 in the next twelve months. After this amount has been raised it was proposed to still increase the offerings. The Convention recommended the appointment in every congregation of a strong missionary committee, which shall conduct a campaign of education on the subject of Missions, and shall also organize and conduct a personal canvass of every member, to the end that some worthy, systematic contribution to the cause of world evangelization may be made by every one. The Convention recognized it to be the present urgent duty of the church of Christ to undertake to preach the Gospel to every creature. The adoption of the weekly system of missionary offerings was strongly urged as the most Scriptural, fair, economical and productive method, believing that when properly introduced and worked it secures the largest possible educational, financial, and spiritual results.

Dr. Eli H. Long remained away from Pittsburg at the time of the Centennial, that he might have a part in the Laymen's Missionary Convention in Buffalo. He derived so much help from the Convention in Buffalo that he is satisfied he did the wise thing. He got a new vision of the world and its need, and of the duty of the church of the living God. Judge F. A. Henry, of Cleveland, adjourned his court for a week and went to Richmond, Va., to tell the Laymen's Convention there

what a blessing the Laymen had brought to Cleveland in the Convention they held in that city. No man who can make it possible to attend one of these Conventions should consent to remain away. He will be richly repaid for any outlay of time and money. This is the greatest movement of our time.

J. H. Goldner: "As a result of the recent Laymen's Missionary Convention, I believe that our church will double, if not treble, its former offerings."

Kyle Brooks writes: "Ever since reading the last issue of the *Missionary Intelligencer*, I have felt that I must write and tell you how much I enjoyed it. That issue was the best yet. The account of the heroic death of Dr. Loftis, together with the heart-stirring editorials thereon, simply thrilled me and must have thrilled every one who read them. They inspired me to preach a sermon on 'The Challenge of Christ,' that I regard as the best sermon I have preached for months."

Missionary Dollars.

By C. F. Ladd.

Missionary dollars are little wheels of hope,

Rolling into darkness where weary heathen grope.

Rolling over many lands, to many troubled hearts,

Bearing Gospel tidings—lo! misery departs.

Bearing sweetness, peace and joy—
great redemption's song.

'Tis your duty, reader, to help roll
the wheels along.

Farmer City, Ill.

AMONG THE MISSIONARIES.

Dr. Royal J. Dye reached Bolenge, August 20th.

Thirteen conversions are reported in the Akita District of Japan.

W. H. Hanna is down with typhoid fever. He is in Los Angeles, California.

Miss Edna P. Dale, Miss Rose T. Armbruster, Miss Kate G. Miller, and Prof. Ishikawa sailed on the "S. S. China," November 16th.

Dr. James Butchart and family have returned to Lu Cheo Fu, China. They sailed on the "S. S. China" from San Francisco, November 16th.

Dr. W. C. Widdowson, of Bolenge, Africa, reached America during the Centennial Convention. He is far from being as strong as when he went out.

E. R. Moon: "We are in good health and enjoying the work. I expect to start to Longa to-morrow in a canoe, to help Dr. Jaggard for a month or two in building."

W. R. Hunt reports five baptisms at Wuhu, China, and two at Shanghai. Mr. Hunt is one of the most tireless and successful evangelists in the "Middle Kingdom."

R. S. Wilson was in Pittsburg for some time watching the building of the "S. S. Oregon." He will go out to Africa with the "Oregon" and superintend its rebuilding on the Congo.

Dr. Pickett writes: "Our monthly preachers' conference was held last Tuesday week, with seventeen present. Reports for the month show

twenty-one converts. The work looks encouraging in all directions."

At a general conference of Protestant Missionary Societies in the Congo resolutions were adopted condemning forced labor and condemning the refusal of the Belgian authorities to sell land for sites for mission stations.

Dr. W. E. Macklin reports that Harvard College is planning to establish a union medical college in Nankin, China. This would be a great thing for the Empire and would relieve the missionary societies of heavy obligations.

C. F. McCall is giving a course of lectures among the students in Akita on the Lives of Great Men. The first lecture was on Dr. Loftis. The majority of those who heard it were not Christians, but were greatly impressed and interested.

Dr. C. L. Pickett reports thirty-four baptisms at Laoag, P. I.; Leslie Wolfe reports forty-seven baptisms at Manila; B. L. Kershner reports eighteen at Manila; John Lord reports seventeen at Vigan; or a total of one hundred and sixteen in the Philippine Islands.

John Lord writes: "The school work is moving along splendidly. There are nineteen young men in attendance. Four of the former students are now in Drake University. Two weeks ago we baptized six prisoners here in Vigan. One of our students was baptized last Sunday.

Dr. Drummond, of India, reports an average attendance at the dispensary of a hundred a day. He has more work than he can do properly. He

has never known the people to listen more attentively to the Gospel than they do now. The missionaries are working and praying and hoping for good results.

Bruce L. Kershner writes: "Last Sunday was an excellent day at Central. Rain interfered with the last meeting, but all the others were beyond the average in attendance and in interest. One was baptized. The American congregation broke every record for attendance during the last four years. At last night's service five were baptized in the chapel. The

audience almost filled the house. Some of the more intelligent and influential people of the city were present."

Miss Blackburn writes about the welcome given Dr. Dye on his arrival at Bolenge: "It was a wonderful sight to see the people on the beach the morning that he arrived. No one could have had a heartier reception. The people love and honor him. We, his co-workers, feel a new inspiration since he has come among us. We were also glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Smith into the work."

SOME RICH KERNELS.

The following are a few kernels from the great address of Stephen J. Corey before the Brotherhood Convention at Centennial Convention. His theme was "The Challenge of World Conquest." The full address has been published and can be had for five cents per copy.

No movement ever succeeded without a big job on hand.

The great commission is not a suggestion, but a command.

The Christian whose sense of debt goes no farther than his community has not advanced much beyond the incubator stage.

One hundred years ago there were practically no native Christians in heathen lands. To-day there is a native church for every 1,500,000.

One hundred years ago foreign missions were an experiment. To-day we have a scientific basis for our work and a century of experience to back it up.

The greatest heroes of this hour are the lonely pickets on God's far frontier, who beat down the stubborn walls of paganism and plant the flag of glory there.

God is calling for a new kind of volunteer to-day. He wants men who will volunteer to stay at home and make money for him with exactly the

same degree of consecration and heroism.

One hundred years ago the Bible was an unheard-of book to seven-eighths of the population of the globe. To-day it is accessible to seven-eighths the population of the globe.

Christian men, if we are to take our share of the world's conquest, we must within the next ten years increase our yearly offering by \$1,000,000 a year and raise the average gift of \$1.25 per member.

One hundred years ago there were barely one hundred lonely, poorly equipped foreign missionaries in all the world. To-day there are nineteen thousand of them scattered in every land that the sun shines on.

The vital danger in any movement is that its end may become smothered in its means. It must have a great, challenging, sacrificial task. A banquet is good as a spring-board, but not as a couch. As a brotherhood of Christian men we need a master passion.

EDITORIAL.

MISSIONS FOR THE NEW CENTURY.

Before girding ourselves for the task before us, let us inquire the nature of that task. Christ's commission is to disciple all nations, to bring the truth of Christ into connection with the life of all nations, so that the will of God may be accepted and lived by every person.

During the past generation we have established a few stations in a few heathen nations where the Word of God is preached, Christians are gathered into churches, and children instructed. But the great citadel of sin and idolatry is intact and hardly a skirmish line has been established. As we have been pleading for Christian union in the home land, we are to manifest it abroad, where the missionary currents are all setting towards it. Those ancient civilizations will yield only before a united church, as the united armies of the Western nations entered Peking to preserve the peace and unity of China. Our far-flung battle lines must be rapidly reinforced.

We must place renewed emphasis upon the practice of three things—Prayer, Stewardship, Unity.

1. Christ committed his cause to God in prayer, and in prayer safeguarded the life of his church. Pentecost was preceded by prayer. According to the record, Antioch, the first church to awake to the true consciousness of its mission, became the true apostolic church after the spiritual faculties were enlightened by prayer and fasting.

The cause is the Lord's, the church must commit its ways entirely to God. Prayer is the vital breath of the church. We must pray without ceasing.

2. We must acknowledge our partnership with God. "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price;" "We are co-workers with God." All that we are and all that we have belongs to him. Covetousness is idolatry. Idolatry is to be abolished at home before it can be destroyed abroad. There can be no entry upon a new century of increasing apprehension of Christ's will for us without experiencing his last Beatitude, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The metes and bounds of our gifts are not to be set by the tithe or any other proportion. "It is the spirit that profits." Each Christian in this new century must realize the responsibility of stewardship of time and talent, as well as money.

3. "Giving diligence to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace;" "Till we all attain unto the unity of the faith." The world is to be won to Christ,

The world for Christ,
Christ for the world,

this now be our plea. But Christian union must happen on the way. This is the fundamental condition for the world's faith in Christ, as he declared. For a century our voice has been lifted up in behalf of Christian union. Let us practice our plea, speaking the truth in love, so that we may grow up in all things unto him who is the Head, even Christ. Let us in this new century lead the way, and not merely point the way. Co-ordination of effort, perfecting the bond of fellowship in love, as well as in the unity of faith, be the purpose of our lives.

THE CENTENNIAL LIVING-LINK SOUVENIR.

This is a handsome book of 120 pages, issued by the Foreign Society, and printed on super-calendered paper. It contains excellent pictures of about all the Living-link pastors, together with pictures of the missionaries being supported by each church. The strong and encouraging words by the ministers, touching the joy and usefulness of the Living-link method, is the chief feature of this unique book.

Every word from these good men is pure gold. They are tried and true. They stand in the forefront among the leaders in all our Zion. They have heard the marching orders of the Captain of our salvation, "Go!" They speak out of a full and joyous experience. The secret of the Lord is with them. Their bold action is a ringing challenge to thousands of churches to do worthy things for the evangelization of the world. Such men are as levers to uplift the earth and roll it in another course.

Speaking of this souvenir, Cecil J. Armstrong, Troy, N. Y., says: "I think the messages contained in it will rouse many of the churches to the value of becoming a Living-link, and will confirm the present Living-link churches in their work."

Ernest C. Mobley, Gainesville, Tex., says: "The Living-link Souvenir is a splendid idea which helps to forge an inspiring bond between the circle of Living-link churches in the home land and the ever-widening circle of Living-link missionaries on the far-flung firing line, and this bond must prove of inestimable value as the years roll by."

T. W. Grafton, Anderson, Ind., says, "It is a very interesting volume."

Jas. M. Philputt, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I had no idea there were

so many churches in this rank. It is a valuable souvenir of the Centennial year, and I shall always cherish my copy."

"I consider that (the Living-link Souvenir) a little bit the finest of any piece of work that I have seen done by the Christian Church."—Charles Reign Scoville.

P. H. Welshimer, Canton, Ohio, says: "It is a gem. I am delighted with it."

Horace Kingsbury, Harrodsburg, Ky., says: "The Centennial Living-link Souvenir is splendidly gotten up. The printed letters are full of sermonic material for missionary preachers. The pictures of missionaries and ministers give us a glimpse of people who are doing things for God."

W. S. Goode, Youngstown, Ohio, says, "It is a most interesting book."

Peter Ainslie, Baltimore, Md., says: "It is beautiful. I am grateful that God has stirred so many of our ministers and churches to do these things."

The price of this souvenir is only 25 cents, postage prepaid. It contains, all told, 118 pictures. Address Foreign Christian Missionary Society, Box 884, Cincinnati, O.

THE EVERY MEMBER CAMPAIGN.

For ten years the Foreign Society has been urging that every member of every church be represented in the March Offering. A few churches report every member enlisted. This is very gratifying. But why should not this be true of all the churches? Every member has been baptized. No one is admitted to membership without baptism. If any church should admit an unbaptized to full or associate membership there would be a storm of protests that would be louder than the sound of many waters. There should be the same concern about the membership being represented in the offering for the extension of the boundaries of Christ's kingdom. If a church with five hundred or a thousand or two thousand members could report that every member whose name is on the muster-rolls has given as the Lord has prospered him, the offerings would be on a much larger scale than at present. If the official statistician could say that every one of the million and a quarter of members gives for the Lord's work according to his ability, it would take at least six figures to express the amount given in any offering. Thus far the church in which every member gives is the rarest exception; it should be the rule. God is shaking the nations. He is opening doors that have been closed for millenniums. He is calling upon his people to enter in and take possession.

God's trumpet wakes the sleeping world;
Now, each man to his post.

LARGE BEQUESTS.

The newspapers report that a man who died a few days ago left thirty millions for missions, education, and benevolence. Of this vast sum, two millions and a half are for Foreign Missions, a like amount for American Missions, and a like amount for Church Extension. The bequests of this Presbyterian will give a mighty impetus to the work at home and abroad.

It is worth noting that this man did not wait till he was dead before he gave anything. He had been a generous giver in his lifetime. The habit had been formed; that habit led him to do his duty when the end approached. Had he given nothing during his life, it is likely that he would have left as little for the Lord's cause when he made his will as another very rich man who gave all to his family and not a dollar for any other purpose.

For some reason the Disciples of Christ have never given much for missions in the way of bequests. In thirty-four years the Foreign Society has received in all \$135,000. That is about four thousand dollars a year. The American Board received nearly that much last year. It receives that much and more almost every year. It can depend on receiving from one hundred to two hundred thousand dollars annually. The same is true of the other large societies. This may be due in part to the fact that these societies are older and represent wealthier peoples.

While men and women live and are in business they may need their money. But when the time comes to dispose of their possessions, they should remember what they owe their Lord and see that it is provided for. His claim comes first, because all belongs to him. He should receive his full share of that which is his own.

A bequest such as this Presbyterian left to the Presbyterian Board, or such as Robert Arthington left to two of the English societies some years ago, would relieve the strain on the Foreign Society; it would enable the Society to reinforce the men and women now in the service, and to completely furnish them for their work.

DEDICATION OF THE "S. S. OREGON."

This interesting service was held October 13th, at 5.30 P. M., in Pittsburgh, during the Centennial Convention. It was held in the shipyards of James Rees & Sons, where the "Oregon" was built. There were some five or six thousand people present. The following is a condensed program of the exercises:

The Chairman: This is one of the largest dedications that you ever attended. (Laughter.) The plan of the building of this boat originated in Oregon. (Applause.) Brother Davis Errett was presiding at the Convention

at the time, and he is here. Dr. Dye made the speech at that Convention, and it took hold of their hearts. I am going to ask Brother Davis Errett to talk just two minutes. He is a rapid-fire gun; Brother Davis Errett. (Applause.)

Davis Errett: It was in the summer of 1908, at the Oregon State Convention at Turner, when Dr. Dye and his wife were there. In the morning Dr. Dye made his speech that stirred our hearts, and in the afternoon Sister Dye made a speech that stirred our hearts and consciences. And immediately after that I thought it a good time to call for volunteers for the foreign field, and thirty-two responded upon that occasion. (Applause.) After that some one suggested the building of the boat for the Congo, and his name is James M. Blood, a student of Eugene Bible University, of Oregon, and he made the first subscription to it. I thought that was a good time to call for people to get their pocketbooks out, and we raised between \$2,500 and \$3,000 at that hour, and we have been proud ever since. (Applause.)

The Chairman: One of the men that took great interest, indeed the leading interest, in this matter was George C. Ritchey. He collected and took pledges and sent us money to the amount of over \$8,000. (Applause.)

George C. Ritchey: My emotions as I stand this afternoon on the "Oregon" are something that I can not express, but I have been asked to tell how Oregon people feel about the building of the "Oregon." I can tell you that they feel jubilant. And more than that, they feel that they have not done anything more than simply their duty. They do not feel that they have done anything to be praised, anything to boast about, but that they have performed their duty. Fifty dollars, I understand, will put a native evangelist in the field, and six hundred dollars makes a Living-link church, but fifteen thousand dollars makes a Living-link State in the foreign field. (Cheers.) We have a tie that binds us to Africa for all time to come, and we are proud that we have had this little part in the work of preparing and getting ready this boat for our noble missionaries of the Congo River country. (Applause.)

The Chairman: R. R. Eldred, of the Congo, is here, and he will tell us how valuable this boat will be to them there.

R. R. Eldred: As one who has been on the Congo and has traveled through rain and through the tropical suns without any cover except your helmet for thousands upon thousands of miles, gone at one time for more than two hundred and fifty miles, occupying eleven days, I know something of the benefit that this steamer will be to your humble servants on the far-away Congo. I know. And let me say to the people of Oregon and to all that when this steamer reaches the Congo, much of this traveling by canoe and much of the inconvenience will be at an end. Not all; but let me say that these eleven days by canoe with twenty-five paddlers can be gone with the "Oregon" in less than three days. I would say that time and space will be divided by three, and the health and the comfort and the blessings of your missionaries will be multiplied by an even greater ratio, and the service we can give to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, to whom we have given our lives, will be immeasurably advanced when the smoke of the "Oregon" mingles with that of the African villages and her whistle resounds in the deep recesses of the far Bosira. Hurrah for the "Oregon!" (Cheers and applause.)

The Chairman: Let me tell you this boat cost us in round numbers \$14,000, and pretty nearly all of that money has been raised and paid in. And Oregon wants the honor of paying for all of it except \$2,000 that came

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from Wichita, Kansas; and one of the men that gave a thousand—gave me a thousand-dollar-bill this morning—is Brother I. W. Gill. There he is, right there. (Cheers and applause.) There is a Presbyterian man in Wichita, not a member of the Christian Church, that gave another thousand. The boat cost \$14,000 in round numbers, but we haven't a cent of money to transport it to the Congo. It will take \$6,000 to take it from here to there. That's right; this boat has to be taken down and put in little packages and shipped over there. Here is the man that built the boat. (Introduces Mr. Rees.) (Applause.) But say, friends, these steamboat lines won't take it over there for nothing. We want to raise \$6,000 here in six minutes. Is there anybody that will give \$100 to take this boat over there? Hold up your hand and give us your name.

About \$4,600 was raised.

Here the Chairman introduced Mrs. Dr. Royal J. Dye, who spoke as follows:

I would like to be on the Congo to-day. If I could not be on the Congo, I would rather be here than anywhere else on earth. I was in Oregon when they pledged the money. I just look forward to it and live for the day to come when I shall sail on the "Oregon." Many places there where often the other women have gone, I have never gone, but now I just long to go back because the "Oregon" will carry me to the other places. The greatest sorrow was to have to come home after I had been sick so long there that I could not go up the great Bosira and speak to the women in their own language the gospel of the King. Now when I go back I can go up the Bosira and go anywhere on the "Oregon" with the gospel of Jesus Christ for those women. We are glad that you women have had a share in taking the gospel to those women on the Congo. We are willing to go and give our lives. Why don't you women give more to send the "Oregon" and take the message to the women of Africa, who are dying out there because they have not heard the gospel of Jesus Christ? You have an opportunity. There will be other opportunities. Let the women give. Let the women give. Let us be a part of it. Women need salvation. They need it more than the men do on the Congo. Let the women and the children, the girls, give even ever so little. Don't think any mite will be too small. We give as largely as we can. We can give no more than our lives. Are you giving as much? We are glad to go. Send yourself, if you can not go. (Applause.)

The Chairman announced that Thad. S. Preston, of Ionia, Michigan, had given two launches to accompany the "Oregon."

A. McLean: At the banquet of the Sons of Columbus last night, two offerings were made for this boat and sent through Mr. Rees, who has built the boat. These offerings came from Catholics. They heard this boat was to be dedicated to-night, and they sent the offerings through the builder. (Applause.)

The Chairman: Let us have perfect quiet with bowed heads, and Professor Harry T. Sutton, of Oregon, will offer the dedicatory prayer.

Mr. Sutton: O Lord God Almighty, in whose hand the world is, and by whose thought it lives, we come into this solemn but glad hour. Show us that every good and lofty and noble and generous impulse that has moved within us toward this boat has come from thee. It has been the Spirit of God itself. We pray thee, our Father, as we commend this boat in this service into the keeping of Almighty God in foreign waters, we pray thy blessing

upon it. O grant it, we pray thee, a hundred years of life! Grant it, we pray thee, worthy successors. We pray thee that thou wouldst watch the storms and the stones through which it will sail. We pray thee to guard the shores along which it courses. We pray thee, O Father, to be the power and light in the lives of those whom it bears, and to reinforce every word and act of their life, that the great Congo region may be turned from darkness into light and brought from the power of sin unto the kingdom of God with great joy and glory. We pray thee, Father, to bless every eye and every heart that is turned toward this boat. We think of Oregon to-day; we pray thee, Father, keep thy Spirit stirring in the bosom of that people that mightier and more blessed things may be done. We ask thee, God, to receive this gift. We would dedicate it now unto thee and unto the service of Christ. Accept it, use it, and give us joy everlasting in this service, in this gift, and in this word of worship, we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

The Chairman: Brother Hensey, of the Congo, will talk a minute to us and tell us what the boat stands for. One of the bravest men on earth is this man, A. F. Hensey. Then we are going to have music.

A. F. Hensey: In the name of the splendid church at Bolenge, Africa, and the other splendid church at Longa, in the name of every missionary on the Congo, I thank you for your part in this service, and am glad that with them we may all rejoice together in the culmination of our endeavors, our hopes, our longings, and our desires. I thank you. (Applause.)

"BOLENGE, A STORY OF GOSPEL TRIUMPHS ON THE CONGO."

The following note from Elmer Ward Cole, of Huntington, Indiana, shows how "Bolenge" is selling: "E. W. Allen asked me to show Mrs. Dye's book to the audience when I got home, which I did last Sunday, and then told them if they wanted it for fifty cents they could get it by coming forward after the service and putting their names in the front of the book, and upon examining it to-day I find there are twenty-four names, therefore you will find a check enclosed for \$12 to pay for two dozen of the books. They surely go like hot cakes. I have examined the book and there is not a dull page in it. It is going to help this church to become a Living-link." Many pastors would no doubt find the same response if they would mention the book from the pulpit. The spiritual influence resulting from the wide reading of this great book, in any congregation, would be surprising.

David H. Shields, of Eureka, Ill., writes: "I made Mrs. Dye's book a part of my Centennial report and asked for some one to volunteer to take charge of the sale of the book. Mrs. Gray, wife of Professor Gray, undertook it. She sends an order this afternoon for fifty books. The volume tells a marvelous story and is very well written. It ought to have universal reading. The Foreign Society is doing a great thing in selling this dollar-and-a-half book for fifty cents."

Our Christian Endeavor begins to-morrow night the study of Mrs. Dye's book, "Bolenge." It is one of the most telling contributions to the world's missionary literature that I have seen.

Princeton, Ill.

C. C. Carpenter.

THE WHY AND THE HOW OF MISSION STUDY.

The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.—Ps. cxi. 2.

WHY SHOULD I STUDY MISSIONS?

1. If you are a man of the world, because you can not afford to remain in ignorance of great movements taking place in China, Japan, India, the Philippines, Africa, and elsewhere, which in a few years will be dominating factors in American commerce and American politics.

2. If you are a Christian, because you can not afford to be indifferent to the progress of Christ's kingdom, or to disobey your Lord's command. If missions are a great success, you need to read about them to strengthen your faith; if they are a failure, it is time the matter was taken in hand and remedied. At any rate you ought to know the facts of the case.

3. If you are a believer in Missions, because the greatest hindrance to the progress of Missions is the indifference which comes from ignorance. In order to convince others, you must not merely air your opinions, you must supply definite facts. Twelve hours rightly spent will supply you with sufficient facts to convince any unprejudiced person.

4. Because all who study Missions give but one report: It is the most fascinating, the most soul-stirring, and most profitable way in which time can be spent.

HOW CAN I SPEND EIGHT HOURS TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE?

1. By the study of one of the text-books supplied for this purpose by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, such as "Bolenge: A Story of Gospel Triumphs on the Congo," by Mrs. Royal J. Dye—a wonderful story of the wonderful work of our own missionaries on the Congo; or "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom," which has reached (in all editions) a circulation of over 100,000, a sufficient guarantee of its excellence; or "The Uplift of China," which has had a circulation of 150,000 copies. There are a dozen other fine text-books of this class.

2. The most interesting and profitable study is that done by co-operation. Get a class of about a dozen people together for study once a week, or find three or four friends willing to co-operate; read the book chapter by chapter, and meet weekly to discuss it. By economy of time the whole course can be accomplished in six weeks. Can you say that you do not spend two hours in most weeks less profitably?

3. A great many excellent helps are provided for the conduct of these classes. Any church can have a class. If you can get a group of friends willing to give a little of their time to the study of missions you can write to Stephen J. Corey, Secretary, Box 884, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will tell you how to organize and conduct the work.

4. You can obtain advice from the above source on any point here mentioned in regard to mission study. Helps of all kinds can be sent to you. Let us aid you in this good work—mission study.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.

LETTER FROM DR. Z. S. LOFTIS.

FROM KIATING TO TA CHIEN LU.

I am going to try and write later a lot about this wild, weird, picturesque, fascinating, unknown country—for that is what it is. I used to be a great admirer of Jules Verne and Rider Haggard. Their descriptions of strange peoples, customs, and countries captivated my childish fancy; but I assure you that never in their wildest flights have they described any imaginary country that can compare with this for wonderfully interesting things. (I assure you that I am not exaggerating.) Even now, in the next room, separated by a thin partition (we are in a Chinese inn), are a number of Tibetans performing their devotions. I use the word "performing" advisedly, for that is what they are doing. The most unearthly sounds are issuing from the room. Now they are chanting prayers. This gradually sinks into a low, droning sound as they rumble the mysterious six-syllabled prayer—Om Mani padre hum. Then suddenly a perfect jamboree of noises breaks forth—bells ring, drums are beaten, trumpets blown, cymbals clash—until you feel that you surely must stop it. This has been keeping up for the last hour or more.

At Kiating I left the river and took passage in a sedan chair for Ya Chow. I arrived in three days, after traveling over some of the most interesting country I had yet seen. I was much interested in the rice culture and silk-worm industry. We stopped in Chinese inns which were noted chiefly for their dirt, filth, and smoke. But it had to be, so I grinned and bore it.

From Ya Chow we left for Ta Chien Lu by sedan chair. The road almost at once plunged into the mountains. Why, the mountains about Asheville, N. C., look like mere fringes by the side of these, and yet I am told that these are mere pimples to what is to follow. Beautiful isn't the word—they were glorious. In about two days we caught sight of snow-capped peaks, and the third day we crossed a pass just a little less than 10,000 feet. My, but it was glorious! I walked most of the way, partly to be better able to enjoy the scenery and partly because it was so hard on the men to carry me.

As we climbed up the mountain-side, valley after valley of the most entrancing beauty unfolded itself to my view. The vegetation was luxurious and almost tropical. The beautiful flowers and trees almost made me gasp for breath. Up, up we went, higher and higher, until the

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vegetation began to grow thin and the air cool and thin, too. O, it was wonderful, wonderful! But I must leave a few adjectives for the Batang journey.

From the top of this pass we caught a glimpse of the snow-capped peaks we were to cross in the next range of mountains. Then we went down to about 6,000 feet to Tsing Ki Hsien, the last walled city in China. Already the people were showing unmistakable evidence of mixture with alien blood. Whatever the maps may say, I am convinced that I have left China behind already.

The next day we traveled through a dry, arid belt of country, rough, rocky, barren mountains on all sides. But not again were we to reach 5,000 feet until we retrace our steps.

The next day we crossed another pass—the “Fly High” pass, the Chinese call it. It is a few feet lower than the first, but I found the journey more difficult. The scenes going up were a modified repetition of the beauties of the other pass. When we reached the top, I saw a wonderful view beyond. There before me stretched out two or three long ranges of the most wonderful mountains I had ever seen. They were the outlying ranges of the great network of mountains I was to cross. It seemed that the clouds favored me for the instant, as if to give me a glimpse into the Forbidden Country, for they lifted for the briefest space of time—perhaps two minutes—and then fell again like the stage curtain before some wonderful production. The snow-line was about eleven or twelve thousand feet, but there rose before me whole ranges of mountains fifteen to twenty thousand feet, and far in behind a peak twenty-two thousand feet high rose a mighty one twenty-six thousand feet. How can I describe the grandeur of those mountains? I could only gaze in amazement—speechless—at the magnificent view as the clouds rapidly settled down over the mountain-tops, covering them almost to the snow-line.

Crossing this pass, we entered country governed by Tibetan kings who pay tribute to China. That night we saw a king who had everything but a kingdom—salary, rank, honor, etc., but no subjects. The next day we visited a king whose existence had been denied. He received us quite kindly. We drank tea with him and spent some time there. He consented to be photographed, and when we left presented us with a fine hen and a lot of rice. It was delightfully interesting to me, because we obtained some valuable information from him concerning the country.

More than once each day after this, Mr. Edgar would point to some rocky, mountainous country and tell me that it was all totally unexplored country. For two or three days we followed up the valley of the Tong

River. The road ran around the most ticklish places. It was never more than a mere foot-path at its best, and at other times it was with great difficulty that we could travel. Sometimes the men would carry me around the cliffs on the sheer edge of a great precipice which ended a thousand feet or two on the sharp, jagged rocks below, or in the roaring mountain stream. The mountains ended far above me in clouds and snow. At times it was cold and windy; at others, the heat of the sun made one glad of a pith hat and summer clothes. O, but this was a wild part of the trip, and I was glad when we turned off from the valley into another where we were not so far from the bottom!

All along the road we saw coolies carrying the most awful loads of tea. You would scarcely believe it when I tell you that more than once I saw men carrying 350 to 375 pounds of tea on their backs. These men toil most painfully, carrying their great loads over the passes to Ta Chien Lu. I saw mere boys, twelve and thirteen years old, carrying 75 to 100 pounds—O, but it was terrible! Large numbers of them pay the penalty with their lives. It is not an uncommon thing in winter or spring to see them dying by the roadside. But I must hasten—night is falling fast, and to-morrow morning I start for Batang.

When we turned off the Tong Valley, we were in the valley leading to Ta Chien Lu. It was a wonderfully, wildly beautiful valley—mountains 15,000 to 20,000 feet rose on either side. Great waterfalls tumbled down the mountain-sides for hundreds of feet. At the bottom of the valley ran the river—a roaring, howling mountain stream. It was almost a continuous cataract, and often threw its spray far out on the road upon us.

At last the eight days' journey came to an end and I saw the city of my dreams—Ta Chien Lu. It was a picturesque little city, situated at the bifurcation of the river, between mountains rising on three sides to great heights. It is not far below 9,000 feet. In fact, we shall not be this low again until we reach Batang—a little lower than Ta Chien Lu.

This is a strange mixture of Tibetan and Chinese homes and people. The houses are rough square or rectangular buildings, all jumbled together in the most unsanitary manner.

The Tibetans are more like the Indians, both in dress and manner, than any people I had ever seen before. I must save a more detailed account of them till later. Suffice it to say, they are filthy and degraded and yet a picturesque and interesting people.

O, I am so glad that I did not stop on the coast, but came on up here where the people are so much more the bondservants of sin! Their language sounds harsh and guttural to me, but the written language looks ever so interesting and I shall be so glad when I can enter upon its study.

PRAYING FOR THEIR LIVING-LINK.

P. H. WELSHIMER.

[The church at Canton, Ohio, P. H. Welshimer, minister, supports Mrs. Dr. W. E. Macklin, Nankin, China. The following note breathes a deep and vital interest on the part of this church, which will be suggestive to other churches.]

I am endeavoring to bring the church in much closer touch with Mrs. Macklin and her work, and believe I am succeeding in doing it. We have formed a prayer circle. I announce each week special subjects for prayer for every day in the week. The entire congregation, in its private devotion, prays for the same thing. Each Tuesday we call "Macklin day," and on that day the whole church is asked to remember Mrs. Macklin in their prayers. This week scores of our people are sending Mrs. Macklin a souvenir post card with a few words of greeting upon it. I think she will certainly be happy when several scores of cards are delivered at her home from individuals of the church which is supporting her. I had a long letter from her a few days ago, which I read to the Bible school last Sunday morning. It did much good. Having finished the letter, I noticed a good many wet eyes in the audience.

Canton, Ohio.

VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT.

HARRY TRUMBULL SUTTON, NAT. SUPT. OF VOLUNTEERS.

It is time and high time we were raising up an army of volunteers for the foreign service. We have been working a long time upon a foreign treasury, let us now turn our attention somewhat to another phase of missionary agitation—the swearing in of volunteers. It is always conceded that men are more essential than money. Men beget money. Let us say it and believe it.

We should have among the Churches of Christ in America a host of fifty thousand young men and women volunteered and planning to go to the foreign field. How shall we get them? Simple. Go after them.

I am not pleading here for what is known as Student Volunteers. Student Volunteers are found in colleges and universities. We should have volunteers in our churches, Endeavor Societies, Sunday-schools. We should fire our young with the desire and determination to be missionaries. They will become Student Volunteers in due time, but they should be volunteers before ever they know they can be or will be college students.

Say, "Amen!"

Oregon has already a splendid Volunteer Band of sixty-five members. Some of them are already in college; some are not in college and may

never be; but that Oregon has a Band, a lot of young among her churches praying to go afield, is proper, good, and glorious.

Every State should have such a Band. With God's help, every State shall have such a Band, and growing. Think over this for a month and watch this page.

OUR PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.

J. FRED JONES.

We profess to be a Bible people; that to us its word is final, and that we speak where it speaks. We have laid on hard upon our neighbors because they do not honor the one baptism, and our main weapon is the Book. We tell them they ought to obey our Lord on this point, and we point to his great commission in which is couched his "all authority."

We say we stand for all our Lord commanded and we oppose what he opposes, and this is a good profession. We stand for his Word as the final appeal, and that is good also.

We have never forgiven the king who cut up the Book of Jeremiah, and we never will. When, as we have sometimes heard, a minister quotes from the Book, "He that believeth and so forth, shall be saved," and "Except a man be born of . . . the Spirit he can not enter the kingdom of God," we have openly charged him with disloyalty to our Lord and his Word.

The time has come when we must live up to our profession or be classed with those who mutilate the Bible. The same commission that requires baptism says, "Go ye therefore into all the world and preach the gospel to the whole creation." It also says, "Go, teach all nations, baptizing them." etc. Jesus himself says again, "As my Father sent me, even so send I you." These are the Scriptures, and our profession of absolute loyalty to them faces us.

I believe that not more than forty per cent of the members of our churches make offerings to missionary work. If this is true, the sixty per cent are in open disobedience to the commission and to our profession. How can we call upon our unbaptized neighbors to obey the commission when the larger part of us are in disobedience to it?

Here is our great heresy. Here many of us cut out the commission of our Lord just as certainly as did the king. Jeremiah could and did write another book, and he made it stronger than before, but we who leave out the commission, except the baptism, leave a work undone.

What a sermon our neighboring preacher could preach to many of our churches if he only had a copy of our year book! He could show the whole neighborhood our disloyalty to our profession. He might be able

to show also that while he was not baptized right, he and his church were away ahead of us in the "Go" part of the commission.

Come, brethren, we must obey all of the commission or else get modest on the baptism part of it. If we do not come up to our profession of loyalty to our Lord and his Word on our part, we can not set our neighbor right. He will not let us until we are right ourselves.

Bloomington, Ill.

THE MISSIONARIES' RE-UNION.

FRED E. HAGIN.

One evening of the Pittsburg Convention will never be forgotten by the few who gathered in a beautiful hall of Hotel Schenley. Sweet fellowship and mutual joy in one common cause enriched every moment of the few hours spent together. The meeting in question was a dinner, followed by a devotional hour, attended by all our missionaries, whether of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, the Christian Women's Board of Missions, or independent.

Mr. Weaver, the toastmaster, called on Mr. Frost, the father of Miss Frost, of India, for the opening toast, which was heartily cheered, and followed by a message from every land where we have gospel heralds. Next to the toastmaster and leader sat Mrs. Garst, whose husband is asleep in Jesus in Japan, and Mrs. Wharton, whose beloved one is at rest in far-off India. Next came Mr. Adams and wife, the senior missionaries of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, and Mr. Meigs and wife, our veteran missionaries from China. Mr. McLean and Mrs. Atwater, the respective Presidents of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society and the Christian Women's Board of Missions, were next in the seats of honor at the tables. Over fifty missionaries and some thirty friends were present and, after the refreshments, joined in an informal handshake and spirited conversation preceding the prayer service.

Many of the missionaries were to sail in a few days for all parts of the world: Mr. and Mrs. Menges for Cuba, Mrs. Boyd for Argentina, Miss Vance for India, Mr. Wilson for Africa, Dr. Butchart and wife for China, Miss Armbruster for Japan.

President McLean remarked that thirty-five years ago such a meeting would have been impossible, as we had no missionaries returned from furlough or on the field. Mrs. Atwater referred to the launching of the "Oregon" for the Congo as marking the opening of a new era of larger triumphs for our church on the foreign field. Mr. E. W. Allen, the new Secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, was introduced, and made a fine impression by his humility and desire for fellowship in the missionary's joys and sacrifice in realizing their motto, "Christ preached

to every soul in every land." So rich was the spiritual feast and so near did the Lord seem to every soul present that a larger meeting was called for the following Lord's day immediately following the communion in a nearby church, where the large circle of friends could attend who could not be accommodated within the hall.

It was the unanimous desire of the missionaries that the dominant note of the hour should find expression in a memorial, to be presented to the Convention and published throughout the entire brotherhood. A committee was therefore appointed to draft the memorial, to be signed by all the missionaries and to go forth in their names to all the churches of Christ everywhere. The Lord said that the gospel of the kingdom should be preached in all the world as a witness unto all the nations. Had the world's agnostics and skeptics been present on this occasion they would have been impressed, if their doubts had not been wholly undermined. They would have seen and heard these living, intelligent, and consecrated men and women who had already served in all parts of the world as living fulfillments and active embodiments of the Savior's prophecy near nineteen centuries ago.

THE FRUIT OF A MISSIONARY SERMON.

J. B. HUNLEY.

Brother Lascelle, of Danville, Ill., was a member of my little congregation in Lexington, Ky.—the Southside Church. He lived six miles in the country, and came only occasionally to church. I spent many happy hours in his beautiful blue-grass home. When I saw the announcement of his splendid gift to the Foreign Society, I was overjoyed. Not long ago I wrote him of how happy I was to know that he had made possible the opening of another station in Africa. Replying to my letter, he said:

"Brother Hunley, I don't suppose you know what I know about a lesson you taught in the Central Church, when you supplied for Brother Spencer at one time. You preached a missionary sermon that I never forgot and which was the starting-point of our missionary work. Thank the Lord and yourself for it. Since that I have been cultivating the missionary spirit and have got to that point where I am as near unselfish as I can be in my short-sightedness. We are going to leave what property we have to missions when the Lord calls us home."

I mention this in a spirit of humility and profound joy, because it impressed a great lesson on my heart. I have always had a deep desire to do something really worthy of the great cause of missions, but never felt that I had accomplished very much. I have preached and taken the offerings, but these have not been what I wished them to be. I never knew I had any such influence with Brother Lascelle. I did not even

remember that he was even at the Central Church on that day. But after five or six years here comes the news that a seed lodged in his heart from the sermon of that day. That seed, planted by the Spirit of God through me, lay there until it was watered by you, or Brother Rains, or Brother Corey, or some Apollos, when God gave the increase. How true that we should sow beside all waters! If we could only realize that we are responsible for the sowing and not for the results!

Neosho, Mo.

ADAPTED TO MISSIONS.

CLINTON LOCKHART.

The Disciples of Christ ought to be the most earnest and successful missionaries in the world because they are the best adapted to the work. The reasons for this are very evident.

1. *Because they are Disciples of Christ.* Christ was himself the Master Missionary, and spent his life giving missionary lessons. His disciples would be poor learners if they did not secure at least this one first lesson. If we are to give up things at home to go abroad, none can surrender so much as Christ left in heaven. If we are to go a great distance, none will go farther than he. If there be some humiliation in the service, none will make greater condescension than the Christ. If there be suffering or even death upon the field, none will surpass him in such sacrifices. If there must be careful teaching, righteous living, and patience in the midst of discouragements, he still leads with a matchless example. The very fact that we are *Disciples* of his assures the world that we understand the task and are the foremost of all men to accomplish it.

2. *Because they are leaders in evangelism.* The rapid growth of the Disciples, without infant membership or immigration, but by evangelism alone, is the astonishment of all other people; but it is because they love their fellow-men and believe in God and the power of his gospel to save. The success of their evangelists, without the help, and often with the opposition, of other churches, is marvelous. A people who have such access to human hearts in their own land ought to reach men in foreign lands. And this they do, for their missions are uniformly prosperous.

3. *Because they have escaped modern complications in conversion.* If conversion be not presented as a very simple, natural, and psychological thing, the common people are sure to become mystified and confused. Any confusion of mind is a hindrance to evangelism. The invitation, "Who-soever will, let him come," preached along with the doctrine of God's decree unconditionally to save a select few and condemn all the rest, was always confusing to the people. The call, "To-day, if you will harden not

your heart," preached along with "You must wait till the Spirit changes your heart," followed by days and weeks of anxious prayer and agony, was always perplexing to the masses. The message, "You can and you can't" never converted anybody. The Disciples, observing that none of this confusion appears in the evangelism of the apostles, more than doubled their power by omitting. They preached Scripturally "the love of God to work repentance," and emphasized the "whosoever will." Knowing the instinct of men to be sure that important directions were correct, they quoted fully the instructions given by apostles to all inquirers and urged prompt obedience, nothing more, nothing less. This is both sound and successful. It will succeed in foreign countries.

4. *Because they set forth the primitive church free from later historic features.* Simplicity is the very essence of apostolic preaching and church life. Simplicity catches the common people to-day. The masses of Americans care nothing for the historic form of worship, historic methods of church government, and the like. They want the original or nothing. The Disciples had nothing but strictly the original to offer: the simple faith in Christ, the primitive immersion into his name, the simple and tender fellowship, the simple congregational government with a few popularly chosen officers, and a simple and spontaneous worship—all modeled after the practice of the early Christians. Such a Christianity is adaptable to the majority of people in any country or civilization. It wins because it can be easily understood, because it bears the marks of sincerity and truth, and because it may be readily followed to its blessed fruitage. With such a plea the Disciples can go with confidence to any tribe of men; for they will be heard, and thousands will rejoice in the hope of glory. No people on the earth have more encouragement in such work than the *Disciples of Christ*.

Texas Christian University.

AN UNMISSIONARY CHRISTIAN.

BY D. L.

A Christian or a church should not have a missionary department. To be Christian is to be entirely and thoroughly missionary. An anti-missionary or unmissionary Christian or church is a contradiction in terms. They as fully contradict each other as an unchristian Christian or unbelieving believer contradicts itself. When a man becomes a Christian, he is a missionary. Becoming a Christian makes a man an intelligent, earnest, thoroughgoing missionary to save his own soul and every other soul within reach. A man indifferent to the salvation of other souls is not a true convert to Christ. Christ could not stay in heaven with the

door closed against his worst enemy. No follower of Christ can be indifferent with the door closed against a soul's salvation. An intelligent Christian seeks to save other souls as he loves his own salvation, because to save other souls is to save himself. He who is indifferent to the salvation of other souls trifles with his own salvation. The practice of the Christian religion is the devotion of the life to the service of God in saving souls and in multiplying the servants of God. To worship God is to save our own souls and the souls of men, our own and others. There is no department of the Christian religion that is not missionary or soul-saving in its work and character. To serve God is to live the Christian life, and to do this is to save our own souls and those of others. There is no non-missionary church or Christian in the world.—*Gospel Advocate*, August 19, 1909.

JAPANESE AT HOME.

MRS. MARY G. PLACE.

I suppose you all know what it is to have your feet go to sleep. I can't remember when I did n't know that sensation, but I never had them go quite so *sound* asleep as they do when I make Japanese calls. They positively have nightmare at such times. When we go to a Japanese house to call, after removing our shoes at the door, we go in and very humbly sit down on the floor as near the door through which we have entered as possible. Our host or hostess promptly invites us farther into the room and pushes towards us flat cushions on which to sit, and after a little hesitation, intended to show becoming humility, we finally get moved, by easy stages, from the door to the middle of the room. I am constantly reminded of the Scripture passage in the fourteenth chapter of Luke, where guests are advised to take the lowest seats in order that the host may say, "Friend, go up higher."

To begin with, we always sit down as properly as we possibly can, sitting on our heels, with our toes turned in and our ankles mashed down flat. Most Japanese know how difficult this is for foreigners, and so presently we are urged, "Please make yourselves comfortable," and wise are they who do it when they have the chance. I don't know whether it is my pride or just plain stubbornness, but for some reason I never take advantage of this invitation, but sit properly just as long as I can possibly endure it. I usually manage to hold out until the adieus are about to begin, and then I slyly reach back and try to get hold of my feet to waken them up. This is n't always as easy as it might be—I have sometimes wasted valuable minutes feeling around before I discovered that what I had hold of *was* my feet. It is lucky for me that we have to bow to the floor many times before we finally get up, or else I could never

stand alone. As it is, I often wonder whether I shall ever be able to walk to the door, where I can support myself against the frame for an instant without attracting notice.

The minute we are really inside a Japanese house to make a call, our host or hostess will begin, "I thank you very much for your former kindness" (or something of the sort). This is often dreadfully embarrassing for me, for I can never remember what they are thanking me for or whether there is n't something for which *I* should thank *them*. This is true not only when calling, but whenever and wherever we meet our Japanese friends. I do n't think the Japanese observe any sort of a Thanksgiving-day, but they surely would make a success of it if they did, for I do n't think there is ever a time when a polite Japanese can't think up something or other for which to be thankful. They must often think us foreigners exceedingly impolite, for we frequently forget to thank them when there is really occasion for gratitude.

In every Japanese home, from the richest to the poorest, guests are served with tea very soon after they enter the house, and usually cakes of some kind accompany the tea. It is no wonder that many missionaries to Japan and other Oriental countries become great tea-drinkers. It is a universal custom of the East to serve the guest, at whatever hour of the day or night, with tea, and rude indeed is considered the foreigner who does not serve tea to his Japanese guests.

At one house where I have called several times with Miss Clawson and Miss Kawamura lives only an old couple, the grandparents of a little girl who was in our school until her parents moved to a distant part of the city. The little girl's father studied in Germany for several years, and when he returned he taught his old mother how to make coffee in foreign style. So as soon as we are announced, she starts her coffee, and by the time we have disposed of the Japanese tea, with which we are promptly served, she brings us in a cup each of really excellent coffee. Then we are served with cakes and marshmallows, or grape-fruit, or something else, and finally with Japanese tea again before we can take our leave. This old grandfather evinced considerable interest in the Bible, and so we made him a present of one with good print last Christmas. The last time we called he told us that he had begun on the third reading of his Bible.

There were so many interesting homes where we call that I should like to tell you about, but I'm afraid I have already written too much. Let me only say this much—that of all the many pleasures to enjoy, to me one of the greatest is the making of Japanese calls. In spite of the aching feet and stiff knees and the sometimes incongruous mixture we must put into our stomachs in the course of an afternoon, Miss Clawson

and I have always returned happy and feeling more than ever that life is worth while, and that life in Japan, for us, is more especially worth while than life anywhere else. I am looking forward with the greatest pleasure to our return to Tokyo, when I have promised to take Miss Clawson's place, the best I can, during her absence on furlough, in calling on the wives of the teachers and on the parents of the girls in our school.

Karuizawa.

TIBET: THE FORBIDDEN LAND.

JAMES WARE, SHANGHAI.

Tibet, until recently solitary, isolated, and unknown, is rapidly emerging from her seclusion of ages and ere long will take her place as one of the nations of the New East. Two books recently published contain exhaustive treatises of this kingdom from every point of view. They are "Richards's Comprehensive Geography of the Chinese Empire," and "The Chinese Empire—A General and Missionary Survey." These and other publications too numerous to mention are among the chief evidences of the world-wide interest that is being manifested in the re-birth of this nation.

To the Christian Church the death of our beloved Dr. Loftis invests Tibet with a new interest, and this is our apology for writing this article as an "In Memoriam" and also to portray the nation as it is to-day, the one nation of all the nations of the earth to whose redemption he had consecrated his life. Our historical facts are mainly from the above-mentioned two books.

The area of Tibet is 463,320 square miles, its extreme length being 1,240 miles and its greatest breadth being 740 miles. It abounds in mineral wealth: gold, rock-crystal, iron, borax, mercury, and salt being found in abundance. The annual revenue is only about \$170,000. The population is about 6,500,000. Since 1698 Tibet has been tributary to China, whose Resident lives at the capital. But all important State matters are presided over by the Dalai Lhama (Vast as the Ocean), the Living Buddha of Lhasa.

Besides the Tibetans, which include the greater part of the population, there are ten tribes, as follows: In the southeast, the Lisus, Lutses, Lamajen, and Michemis; in the northeast are the Sifans, Eleuths, and Tonguts; in the north is the Hor tribe, and in the south and southwest is the Bod race. The Mosos race is generally scattered over the whole land. Besides these tribes, which are only half civilized, there are large settlements of Nepalese, Bhutanese, and Kashmiris. Each tribe has its own peculiar dialect, which is most difficult to learn as there is no written language beyond a few hieroglyphics which are used in superstitious prac-

tices. Their religion is largely devil worship, to whom offerings of blood, spirits, tobacco, and poison are made. Their character is a reflex of their religion. They are variously spoken of as cruel, cowardly, deceitful, ignorant, superstitious, cheerful, hospitable, and polite. Of the Moros the proverb says, "It takes three Chinese to deceive a Tibetan, but it takes three Tibetans to deceive one Moro." The religion of the Tibetans is mostly Buddhism, with special reference to reincarnation. As a nation they believe they have descended from a monkey. The lhamas, the priests, number 300,000, of whom 10,000 live in the monastery at Lhasa. They are profoundly ignorant, corrupt, and are sunk in the lowest forms of sensualism. Notwithstanding this fact, they wield spiritual and temporal power to such a degree that the whole nation is easily subject to their rule. The proverb says, "Without a lama in front there is no approach to God." The priests are also the principal plutocrats, merchants, and bankers of the kingdom.

MISSIONARY WORK IN TIBET.

The first missionary to Tibet was Friar Odoric, in 1339. The first church was erected in 1706. In 1816 Hue and Gabet resided six weeks in Lhasa and were then expelled, as all their predecessors had been. Having failed to translate the Bible, in spite of all their heroic efforts, their work ceased with them. The Moravians commenced work in 1853. One of their missionaries was a great scholar who translated portions of the Bible, Scripture histories, hymn-books, school books, and many works of general interest. He also prepared the first Tibetan grammar and dictionary. The New Testament was revised in 1902, after which Mr. Heyde was obliged to return home on account of his wife's illness. He had then completed fifty years of continuous work among the Tibetans. The other missions at work on the borders of Tibet and waiting for the opening of its gates are the Scandinavian, London, Methodist, Church of Scotland, China Inland, International Alliance, British and American Bible Societies, and the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. In addition to these there are two Indian missions and the Assam Frontier Mission. The Roman Catholic bishop resides at Batang.

BATANG, IN THE FAR WEST.

Batang, the station of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, is on the southeast border of Tibet. Through this city runs one of the main roads from China to Lhasa, the capital. Here our missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Shelton and Mr. and Mrs. Ogden, with their children, have become firmly entrenched, having by their devoted lives won the hearts of the entire community. Through years of hardships, loneliness, weariness, sickness, and death they had toiled on, and at length were cheered with the news

that a colleague was on his way to join them. This was Dr. Z. S. Loftis, who reached them after four months of constant travel. But like the patriarch of old he was only permitted to see the promised land from afar. Within two months of his arrival "he was not for God took him." Only two short months, and yet from what we know of his character his loss must have been appalling to his colleagues. With them are our deepest sympathies.

Dr. Loftis carried with him to Tibet the highest credentials of his profession. He had also qualified as a manufacturing chemist, and he looked forward confidently to the discovery of crude drugs, minerals, and chemicals from which to manufacture medicines for use in his medical practice. To know him was to love him, as was seen by the fact that every missionary who met him—we among the number—coveted him as a colleague. He expressed one regret only upon arriving in China. When he saw the great need of workers, he said, "I wish I could reduplicate myself one hundred times so that I could work at each of the stations." The Foreign Board made no mistake in their selection of Dr. Loftis for Tibet. He was the man we had all been looking for. He has come—and gone. Only a few short months a sojourner in the East, and yet he will be remembered, and his life will be an inspiration as long as there is mission work to be done. His labor has not been in vain. And in obedience to the urgent call that is sounding from the hermit kingdom, we believe that others will arise with his spirit and take up the work, the contemplation of which had filled him with the keenest joy.

DR. LOFTIS' ARRIVAL, SICKNESS AND DEATH.

DR. A. L. SHELTON.

Dr. Loftis arrived here on June 17th, and about July 5th Brother Ogden and I left for an itinerating trip we had been contemplating for some time, and were gone twenty-nine days, getting back here August 2d. For two days before we got back Dr. Loftis had been working hard unpacking his things, so when the next day he didn't feel well he thought nothing of it, but that he had overworked in unpacking, and said he would go a little slower. The next day, however, he had fever and began having the symptoms of smallpox, of which there is a great deal here. Still it was in doubt, as he had been successfully vaccinated when a child and several times since, but it had failed to take. Then the eruption came out, but instead of the symptoms abating, they kept right on and there appeared in addition to the smallpox the eruption of typhus fever. I was with him night and day and did all in my power, but when the secondary fever of the smallpox—the pustular stage—came on, it was more than mortal could bear and he died, unconscious, at 4 P. M., August 12th, not having been here two months. It seems more than we can bear, for if ever a man appeared to have been chosen, fitted, and prepared by the Lord for a special work, it was Dr. Loftis. What are we to do? We have waited and prayed so long for him. Then when he came he was so obviously specially

prepared and fitted for this work; and now he is gone. You had not yet received his letters from here, telling you of his arrival, when you received our cablegram. We were all so happy. It had been the end of what seemed to us to be the best year by far for the Master's work since we came nearly six years ago. You don't know what it means to us here. Is it possible you can send us another man—another doctor, at once? We fear it is not possible. God knows what is for the best—we know that, but to human minds this appears truly a calamity. He lived in our home, or rather boarded with us, and we loved him as a brother. The baby was always looking for him and wanting to show "Doc Lof," as she called him, every little scratch she had.

Batang.

Mrs. A. L. Shelton's Account.

Everything for the last year and a half has been planned and centered about Dr. Loftis coming to us. Every step up that awful Yangtse River, the long journey to Tachienlu, when we felt he was getting very close, and lastly the seventeen days over the mountains to Batang, and we grasped our little doctor's hand and knew he was safely with us. We were saving our green beans and peas and our new potatoes for his coming (we did n't have any last year); even baby when she asked for something and I said, "Wait a little," would say, "Is Doc Lof comes; is Doc Lof comes?" Soon after his arrival Mr. Ogden and Dr. Shelton took a month's journey through the Tibetan villages doctoring some six hundred people, while he took charge of the dispensary and cared for the women and children in the station. He fitted into his work and into our home life beautifully, declaring he would not exchange life work with any man living, and declaring in his quiet way, "He had found his folks at last," and we were glad, so glad, to find him. He saved a Tibetan who had taken opium, and the fellow's mother's gratitude was unbounded. He spoke of how glad he was to be so useful at once, and it is only a medical man who can be of immediate use. Whether to him came a premonition of his death, I know not. He spoke of being ill sometime, and I asked him if he felt badly; he answered, "No, but it's coming, it's coming." His little caravan came in on Friday, July 30th, and he was very busy unpacking and putting his things away on that evening and on Saturday. On Sunday afternoon he brought his graphophone down to the house for Mrs. Ogden and myself and the babies to hear, and we enjoyed it. On Monday the men returned from their itinerating trip and we were all preparing to get settled and acquainted. He had two rooms—a study and bedroom—and he planned to build a bath room and take the room we had for a chapel and fix it for a sick ward, so they could better care for the patients that came. Great hopes and dreams he had of the possibility of going home through Lassa, by the time his furlough was due, and we believed it possible, especially for a medical man and a single man. On Tuesday evening he said he could n't sleep, and got out his World's Fair pictures and looked at them and listened to his graphophone play the songs sung by Trinity choir and imagined himself back in old St. Louis. He had some new books, and we were wild to read them. He had brought me "My Lady of the Decoration," and told me a bit of her history; also, "What to Live For," marked heavily with his own thoughts. The new thrill of life he brought with him, the new knowledge, the strength to our little mission, you can never know. Everything was becoming too easy for the Tibetan border. Two new people had just written and said they had volunteered for Tibetan work—Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, to cross our journey

home either in Shanghai or San Francisco. It was beautiful; and the Lord allowed the devil to give us a stunning blow. We can not come home unless another doctor comes, for we dare not leave the station without a medical man, for here typhus, smallpox, and dysentery find a thriving ground the year round.

On Wednesday Dr. Loftis came to breakfast and asked for a little milk toast, said he was feeling badly, went home and to bed. Dr. Shelton said he was in for smallpox or some kind of fever. So on Thursday I went and made his room neat. He was unpacking, and too ill to finish putting things away. He showed me a little fancy article his mother had made, showed me his chum's picture that came to China as he did, told me a towel I was handling was given him by a revenue officer's wife in the mountains, but was too ill to talk much, and then we had lots of time to see his new things and hear of his friends and America. I came home that evening, and Dr. Loftis took to his bed. Dr. Shelton went to him and stayed with him until the end. In a day he announced "smallpox"—that was enough. Another day and the unmistakable typhus rash covered his body. O, how we hoped and prayed for our little doctor! Did you at home forget him and us? We are very far away from you all. I sent the doctor his meals and did the washing and all I could, but it seemed so very, very little compared with what we and the mission had at stake. Then the afternoon came when I heard Dr. Shelton sobbing in the yard, and he called me, telling that Dr. Loftis had gone. I could not go to him, and he dare not come to us. I could only hug my two little girls and cry. We sent for Mr. Ogden, as he and his wife and baby had been sent from the city to keep the little one from taking smallpox, as we had no vaccine. He came walking down the mountain in the dark and rain, and stayed with Dr. Shelton that night, and our little doctor for the last time. It doesn't seem true at all—we have looked so long for him, and feel like this was a dreadful dream and he will still come to us. He was with us such a little while, it is difficult to try to carry out some of his hopes and plans that he spoke about, and we are powerless without help from you. To say that we are broken-hearted and that our work has seemingly come to a halt, is saying very little. May his death more than fulfill what he hoped to do had he lived, and the Tibetan work be placed on so firm a foundation that all shall see

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I will and bequeath to the Foreign Christian Missionary
Society of Cincinnati, Ohio, the sum of \$....., and the receipt
of the Treasurer of said Society shall satisfy my executor.

Signed,

CENTENNIAL CONVENTION OBSERVATIONS.

The dominant note at the Centennial Convention was world-wide missions.

Every speech in the sessions of the Foreign Society touched high-water mark.

One friend made a pledge of \$5,000 for Foreign Missions during the Convention, and another paid a pledge of \$1,000.

By common consent the dedication of the "S. S. Oregon," the new boat for the Upper Congo, was *the* event of the Convention.

The words of praise for the *Missionary Intelligencer* were numerous

and generous, and the subscription list grew longer, thanks to a host of friends.

The missionaries of the Foreign Society received cordial greetings from thousands. F. E. Meigs, President, Nankin Christian College, was one of the most conspicuous figures in this group.

The best exhibit the Foreign Society has ever presented was conducted at this convention. It attracted much attention and most favorable comment. It was in charge of C. W. Plopper, the Society's capable bookkeeper. He sold almost \$1,000 worth of missionary books.

WORDS OF APPRECIATION.

I want to congratulate the Foreign Society on the magnificent showing it has made. There is to-day a great awakening on the subject of "world-wide evangelization" among all the churches. Not only has the Foreign Society succeeded in securing thousands of dollars and sent forth many of the most intellectual and most spiritual of our people to the foreign field, but it has been conducting a great educational campaign in all these years, which will be of untold value to the work in the coming days.—P. H. Welshimer, Canton, Ohio.

High-Water Mark.

The aims and work of our pioneer leaders and their historical descend-

ants for one hundred years found expression and reached a fitting climax in the great Pittsburg Convention.

And it must have been apparent to every thoughtful and discerning mind that the splendid showing made by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society in growth of receipts, enlargement of plans and equipment; inspiring reports from returned missionaries and those on the distant fields with a masterly grip of the whole situation, lifted this great Centennial gathering to the highest point we have ever touched in all our history.

It is certainly a time for devout thanksgiving.—C. J. Tannar, Detroit, Michigan.

AMONG OUR MISSIONARIES.

LETTERS FROM THE FIELD.

PHILIPPINES.

Expansion and Education.

Leslie Wolfe.

Our work maintains a steady advance. Thirty-five persons were baptized during the month. Two of our families moved to Olongapo some time ago. As a result of their zeal there are now twenty-one baptized believers in Olongapo. These and their friends have subscribed \$60 (gold) for the building of a chapel there. Olongapo is the chief naval base of the United States in the Philippines.

An enlarging feature of our work is the Bible Institute. A Bible-school is conducted daily for a week or ten days. The following is the daily program of classes that was followed in a ten days' institute held recently: Old Testament History, Life of Christ, Apostolic History, Exposition of 1 and 2 Timothy, Normal Lessons, Bible Geography, Homiletics, Church History, and Topical Analysis of the Bible. The Filipino, who studies his Bible at all, is, in most cases, as earnest about it as he would be in the study of any book. Many are even more so. A young man will oftentimes give up his other studies in order that he may have more time and strength to devote to the study of his Bible. The Bible Institute affords an opportunity to study under guidance. A Bible Institute is therefore a matter of more than ordinary interest in a community. Those prejudiced against the Bible—and there are many such in most communities—are surprised to see so much earnestness and enthusiasm shown in the study of the Book they have been taught to

despise. Many such come to see and hear and become interested.

Such an institute was held at Caridad in Cavite Province, in August, in which twenty-eight were enrolled.

A few months ago we started a children's class at the chapel on Singalon Street, Manila. In a few Sundays the class grew so large that we had to change the time of meeting of this class from the regular Sunday-school hour, in order to have the whole building for this class. Since then we divided it into two classes, a class for boys and a class for girls. For a few Sundays past there has been an average attendance of about fifty children, who, together with the many interested onlookers, more than fill the house.

About the strongest appeal that can be made to the average Filipino, whether old or young, is by means of pictures. The Romanist church uses images to advantage. The people who are devoted look upon these images with awe. They are believed to possess wonderful attributes; to heal sicknesses, to deliver from dangers, etc. Pictures greatly interest the Filipino, but he does not regard them with that holy awe with which he has learned to regard the images. He can readily see that the picture cards are only paper and ink. His attention, however, is held by the picture card, or stereopticon view, while the teacher instructs him in the Word. We wish that the Bible-schools in America would remember to send us all the picture lesson cards that they have left over. It does not matter about the dates on the cards, just so they are Bible pictures. We could use an

almost unlimited supply of the lesson cards. We would like some of the wall charts, too.

The Centennial in the Philippines.

Bruce L. Kershner.

From the enclosed program you will note something of our Centennial observance. It occurred Sunday and was a high-water mark. The Central Chapel was full to overflowing and the people were crowded out in the recitation room on the side, and the vestibule on the other. Enthusiasm was high. Representatives from twelve churches and many preaching points were present.

Our Bible Institute is a great success. If some of our churches in the States could see how these people take hold, there would be a great awakening. The enrollment up to Saturday night has reached sixty; the classes are being followed with great enthusiasm. We are feeding in the mission house thirty-five people a day besides our regular students. The daily program begins at 6 o'clock in the morning and continues, with intermission for meals, until 10 at night. All seem to be full of ambition to do their best. I never saw the native Christians so deeply interested. The Centennial observance was almost entirely their work. They took up the matter upon suggestion and carried it to a notable success. They have demonstrated again that they can do worthy and even great things.

Manila.

My First Horseback Ride in the Philippines.

Sylvia Siegfried.

"A new missionary has not served her required apprenticeship until she has passed through all the new experiences—delightful and otherwise—which the new field offers." Remembering this, I set out for Magsingal

on the afternoon of June 19th, which, by the way, is just the beginning of the rainy season here. It is ten miles from Vigan, and I teach a Bible class there each week.

As I started from the house one of our Bible College boys called to me to wait until he brought me an umbrella, as it would surely rain. I found a little difficulty in carrying it at first, as I had only been on a horse twice before, and those times for only a short while, since I was a mere child. Just outside the city limits I had to cross the river on a little springy bamboo bridge. There my horse balked! When I pulled him, he backed, and I feared every minute he'd get too close and we both would slide into the water; but just then a man who was passing saw my annoyance, and led the horse across.

As we went on the pony persisted in having his way as to where he'd travel, instead of me having mine. When I pulled him in one direction he was all the more determined to go in the other, so that I had to lean far, first to one side and then the other, so as to avoid coming in contact with the trees and bushes along the roadside. Once, however, I did not escape, and a branch caught in my sleeve (which I had thought quite strong), and tore it from elbow to shoulder seam. To continue my journey in that sort of a plight, I could not! So I called to a man in front of a house, asking him if he could supply me with some pins. He sent his children into the house, and they came back bringing needle and thread. As he saw that I could not sew up the rent (as it was on my right arm) he, true to the hospitable spirit always prevailing among these people, offered to sew it up for me. As I sat there on my pony, with the "amateur tailor" working at the sleeve, with his children, and his wife with a young baby in her arms, looking on, I could n't

help but smile to think how funny such a sight would be to the friends over in America could they but see me.

That much of the journey accomplished, I had little more than set out again, when a good shower of rain came up. As I had gotten tired of carrying my umbrella in my hand, I had tied it very securely to my saddle with a string which I happened to have, and now that I needed it, I couldn't possibly get it. Some boys and a man happened to be working in a field near the roadside, and I called to them to help me out of my difficulty, and they came and cut the umbrella loose.

Just as I was approaching the chapel where my class was to be held, my saddle began to come loose, but I suffered no inconvenience from that, excepting that it made it rather difficult to dismount when I had reached my destination.

It was with less difficulty that I succeeded in keeping the horse in the road this time. I suppose because he was coming home. But when I had gone but a short distance, not a shower this time, but a decided down-pour of rain came, which could not be averted with an umbrella, and I soon both looked and felt like the proverbial "drowned rat," and as I came along at a good rate of speed, fanned by the passing currents of air, I did n't wish for an American climate, for I was cool enough right here in the tropical Philippines, and so I was not sorry when my ride, of twenty miles in all, was at an end.

INDIA.

Harda Notes.

Dr. C. C. Drummond.

During the month of August the weather was very hot. Owing to this fact Mrs. Cunningham was compelled to go to Landour because of the baby's

health. The hot weather is hard on the little ones. We are glad to hear that the baby is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman and Miss Fleming are spending a few weeks in Darjeeling.

Mr. Gordon, of Mahoba, was visiting in Harda recently for the purpose of seeing the schools.

August was a very busy month at the hospital. Owing to a break in the rains the people from the villages were able to come in, and many availed themselves of the opportunity. The daily average attendance during the month was 109. The highest attendance was 170. Fifteen surgical operations were performed, and many visits made to the homes of the people. We have never had better services with the patients than during this month—some days as many as four or five services were held.

The school work has made splendid progress during the last month. Our buildings are crowded, and many more boys would come if we had the proper accommodations. In the report given by the Inspector of Schools, he says: "Enrolled in the main school, 202. Members are increasing enormously, and the class rooms are greatly overcrowded. The need of a hall is urgent. I trust the difficulty of obtaining a site will soon be overcome, and that proposals for the extension of the present school, or the erection of a new building, will be shortly formulated, when I shall be happy to apply for help from the Government. The furniture and apparatus are sufficient for the present. There is a strong staff of teachers, and all are well qualified for their work." Our high school was chosen as a center for the Bombay School of Art examination this year, and the first exam-

ination was successfully conducted a short time ago. The holding of this examination in our school will greatly increase its popularity.

AFRICA.

Reaching the Field.

Herbert Smith.

Our mail goes in two days, so I will write you a brief account of our arrival at Bolenge. We came up river by State steamer, the journey taking one week. Fortunately for us the steamer called at nearly all the mission stations besides the State Posts. It was pleasant to meet the men and women who have labored for twenty or twenty-five years among the African people. All the missionaries we met seemed to be intensely in love with their work and each one acted as if he had the most important work on earth to do, as no doubt he had. In meeting these fellow-workers very little is said as to what church they represent. It is enough that they are working for the extension of Christ's kingdom.

As the equatorial sun sets at 6 P. M., no steaming is done after that hour. Usually the night is spent at some wooding post, where the crew boys work for two or three hours carrying wood aboard for the next day's fires. This wood has been collected and piled in sections on the beach under the direction of some Belgian official, to be used only by State steamers.

It was a happy day for us when, coming around the bend on August 20th, we came in sight of Bolenge. And what a crowd was on the bank to bid us welcome! Most of the natives were clothed and looked so different from some we had seen coming up the river. They sang a gospel song. The impression of that music with its unknown words is upon me yet. A great banner stretched across

the bank with the words "Welcome Home" upon it. I do not know who were happiest, those arriving, the old missionaries, or the natives. It was a vigorous handshake for a good fifteen minutes. Njoji was almost beside himself to get back home once again to his people and his wife, whom he found true to him during his two years' absence.

About October 3d, we leave Bolenge and go to Longo to reinforce Dr. and Mrs. Jaggard. The evangelists came in this morning bringing a number of inquirers. Some of the inquirers seem almost afraid to shake hands with the white man, in fact they shake hands with him in the native fashion by rubbing their hand against his.

Won by Love.

Recently one of the Bolenge evangelists, named Iso Timothy, was preaching in the Bolenge church, and in the course of his sermon he illustrated from his personal experience. So full of message was that experience, that I am writing it out for all of you. The following is a synopsis of his remarks:

"When Bakola (E. E. Faris) with Is 'Okuke (Dr. Dye) and Nyang 'Okuke (Mrs. Dye) came to Bolenge and began to preach, we all laughed at the gospel they brought to us. It seemed all foolishness to us that a man should give up all his many wives and settle down with only one. And that he should curb his passions and cease from adultery, gambling, cursing, fighting, and drinking—such a thought was so absurd that we wondered how the white man, with all his wisdom, could take any stock in such nonsense!

"But they stayed and stayed, and ever as they stayed they taught us night and day. And always of that same Jesus whom they said had died in our behalf and who would help us to do the things which seemed to us

at once foolish and impossible. We laughed and mocked, but they never tired of teaching us. Then, after a while every one of us came to see that the white people themselves never did any of the things which they told us not to do, and sometimes we would grow a little serious, and said one to another, 'Maybe there is more in this teaching than we thought. Look at how good our teachers are.' But then some one would say, 'That is the way of the white people, and their way is different from ours, that is all.'

"And so these who came first and went home, leaving only a very few seeking for the Salvation they had taught. These gathered with crippled Joseph about his campfire, but as for me, I laughed and mocked just as before.

"Is'ea Lita (Dr. Layton) and Nyang'ea Lita (Mrs. Layton) were our next teachers, and they taught us just as had the others. At that time I had only one wife, but I had a great desire for more. One day I said to that wife, 'Bolumbu, I am going to buy some more wives.' She was interested in the gospel and objected to my so doing, so I took a 'chicotte' (the dreaded hippo-hide whip) and whipped her till I was tired. After she commenced to recover a little from this beating, she went down to the river to wash. To get there she had to pass the white man's house. When Mamma (Mrs. Layton) saw her bleeding back, she sat down and cried with great tears running down her face. Dr. Layton sent for me, and as I came I saw her crying, and said to one of the boys, 'What is Mamma crying for?' He said, 'Because you whipped Bolumbu.' Bosomebe (Dr. Layton) spoke to me with much sorrow in his voice. 'Iso, after you have known the Way of Life so well, are you going to turn away from all the good things?' I replied in anger: 'You leave me alone. This is my own business. I am going to

get a lot of wives, and then I'll see about the Words of God.' Very sadly he turned away, saying: 'Very well. It must be your own choosing, but remember that the end of sin is death.'

"So away to the town I went with my anger, but even as I went I could not help wondering: 'Why did he talk to me that way? Why need he sorrow on my account? What difference does it make to him whether I am saved or lost? And why did that white Mamma cry just because I whipped my black wife?'

"That night I did not sleep at all. Early the next morning my 'bonsamba' (mistress) sent me word that I would find her in a certain place at a certain time, but I paid no attention to her message. Then came my companions, saying, 'Come on, let's go down to the chief's house and shake dice awhile.' Somehow nothing that I had desired before seemed to interest me again. All I could think of was those tears I had seen running down Mamma's face, and the tender warning of my teacher. All that long day I wandered hither and thither, but found no rest for my troubled heart. As the sun set, I went again to the white man's house. He and Mamma showed me all so plainly the way to Jesus, and that very night I accepted him as my only Lord and Savior."

This man thus won by love is the foremost evangelist in the mighty Bolenge church and has won more people to Christ than any other member. He is able to read and write Lonkundo very well, and also reads and speaks some French. Not long ago, while visiting a trading post near where Iso Timothy was stationed, one of the white men asked me, "Is that evangelist of yours from America or from Sierra Leone?" When I told him that he was a product of the Bolenge mission, he hardly believed me, and said, "He is the most intelligent and the most polite black man that I have ever

seen." Iso Timothy is supported by the Christian Endeavorers at Hastings, Nebraska.

Bolenge, Africa.

CHINA.

Woman's Work in China.

Miss Alma Favors.

I have been asked to write something about my methods of work. Having been in China not quite six years, and this being my first year in evangelistic work among the women, I feel some reluctance about writing for publication. But I will tell a little about what I have been trying to do, how I have been trying to do it, and some of the results. This city has been my station since first coming to China; therefore, being here in hospital work for four years, I had already quite an acquaintance among the women as a foundation for the beginning of this year's work. Then, too, I have been wonderfully blessed in having with me as a helper Mrs. Djou, a Bible woman. She is a thoroughly consecrated and enthusiastic worker, and is related to some of the best families of the city. Her relatives and friends are many, and so we have these homes also from which to work.

This year our main object has been to come in touch with the women as much as possible, with the idea in view of seeking out homes wherein we could hold regular cottage meetings. As to our method: first, we made the homes in which we were already acquainted centers from which to work. This meant a great deal of calling. When we meet a stranger in one of these homes, and she invites us to call, we record her name and address and call upon her at our first opportunity. But you will say, "They invite you out of politeness and not because they really want you."

May be, but we always take them at their word, and it pays in a large way. We have never yet had a door closed in our faces.

Secondly, how do we enter the homes where we are not acquainted? It is impossible to do this unless we take plenty of time. We have found it does not pay to be in a hurry and rush along the streets, never seeing the women standing in the doorways. We go out, Mrs. Djou and I, and as we approach a door wherein several strangers are standing, we look at them and bow with a smile. They return the salutation, generally asking us if we have eaten. We answer, and as we get to their door, stop and talk to them a few moments, perhaps about the children. Then in a few seconds comes the invitation, "Please come in and rest awhile." We do so, and that home is open to us. This invariably works, and is our method of getting into homes where we are not acquainted.

For instance, when I returned to the work last fall, in the West Gate district of our city we were practically unknown. Mrs. Brown, my co-worker, Mrs. Djou, and I went out one afternoon to see what we could do in that neighborhood. For a time it seemed we were not going to succeed in doing much, for when we would speak to the women they seemed afraid of us, some hurried in and closed their doors, others only stared. We would have been discouraged had we not have known the Master was going before. So we went on, and as we neared the gate we met an old woman who knew of us. She invited us into her home. The neighbors flocked in, and we were invited to preach to them. This home is now open for regular work. From here we were invited into another home crowded with women. We then went on to the gate and returned. On our way back we received five invitations to

return and call in different homes in that neighborhood, in one of which we stopped and preached. This was our beginning. Now when the women see us enter a home in any part of that district it is a signal for them to gather and an opportunity for us to tell again the sweet gospel story. The attendance at these cottage meetings has ranged from ten to as high as seventy-five women at one time. We have now a similar work* in every part of the city, and have open to us four heathen homes where we go for regular bi-monthly work.

We have made it a point in our work among the women never to force Christianity upon them, but to trust the Lord to open the way. Entering a stranger's home for the first time, we never preach unless our hostess invites us, or the conversation leads up to it. We endeavor to make our hostess feel that we are interested in her and her children, and always leave with her a cordial invitation to visit us in our home and come to the chapel services, giving her the date and hour for the next meeting.

When the women call upon us, at whatever hour of the day, we try to make them feel they are welcome and that it is a privilege for us to entertain them, always serving them with tea, and often with sweets. Sometimes we do find our guests very trying, especially when we know so many come to our homes out of mere curiosity. But we feel we should be especially courteous and friendly to those who come thus. It is our opportunity of becoming acquainted. If we treat them well in our homes, they can not but receive us when we go to return their calls. We make it a point to return the calls of the strangers who come to see us. It is our opportunity to get into their homes.

As a result, the homes have opened up to us in a wonderful way all over

the city, and the women call upon us in great numbers. We have entered few homes where we have not been asked to preach. On the contrary, we can not meet the invitations of the women to go to their homes and preach to them. This, too, has resulted in a very large regular attendance at all our weekly services. Outside of the church services, we hold two weekly evangelistic services for women, besides our regular prayer-meeting for the Christian women.

During the Chinese New Year holidays we held special evangelistic services for women, covering a period of nineteen days. At the end of this time the attendance averaged 214. There were rainy days on which few came, but on the pleasant days they more than made up for it, coming in such large numbers that we had to hold overflow meetings in the hospital hall, our little chapel being only the waiting room for the clinic patients of the hospital, and crowded to the utmost it only seats 190.

At the close of these meetings we opened a Bible class for outside women, enrolling ten who are coming for regular study. Among these are some very earnest inquirers.

Now, just a word about our Christian women. We are proud of them. They are never too busy to help us at any time we call upon them. They consider it their duty and a privilege to help in the winning of souls. Those who can not preach or teach become ushers and doorkeepers and are always ready to testify for Christ.

This is just a little glimpse of the work here. The Master has been very good to us this year in giving us this work to do for him. We only trust that in the end he may be glorified through it all.

Lu Cheo Fu, China.

A Missionary Church in China.

Geo. B. Baird.

For some years past the local church here in Lu-chow-fu has been laying by all its regular offerings, and in this way has accumulated a few hundred dollars. This was not needed in the local work, as that is supported by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. About a year ago they decided to open an outstation with this money. After looking over the field

they decided upon Liang-yuan as the most promising. This is a city of a few thousand inhabitants and considerable business, about twenty-five miles from here. About seven months ago they secured a mortgage on a building, which may be used for a chapel and school-room (in China a mortgage is simply the exchange of the use of money for the use of the building or the thing mortgaged). The owner promised to put up an extra



A familiar scene in a Japanese village. The idol is one of the famous fox god images, which are so abundant in Japan. Around its neck can be seen the bibs and aprons of little children. They have been tied there by anxious mothers who desire to save their children from disease. Sometimes the garments of deceased children are tied on the idols to gain favor for the departed spirits.

room and do some repairs before we should take charge of the building. These were delayed for about six months, and we have just secured possession.

About two weeks ago the local church chose one of its own members to become their missionary preacher at this place. He is not what we would call a strong man, but strong men are not always to be had, and we have to use the best we have. We believe that he will make a good worker and he enters enthusiastically upon the work. The local church will provide the preacher's salary, and also that of the chapel keeper. This will amount to about six dollars a month. About half the offerings of the local church come from the pockets of the foreign missionary, and yet two members of the church have subscribed as much as any of the missionaries. The other offerings are necessarily small, as their earnings are small. Some of them pledged a tenth and others a twentieth; others pledged definite sums. They are giving as the Lord prospers them.

Last week Mr. Wei, the new preacher, and I went to Liang-yuen to start the work. Mr. Fang has been out there during his vacation from the Bible college, and has been overseeing the completion of the repairs. We found the building in fair shape and took legal possession of it. Mr. Wei had moved his things out there, so he is now living in the chapel building, where he will preach and sell Gospels, tracts, and calendars. There he can meet the men of the city and make known to them the teachings of the Christ. I spent two days and a half in the city, calling on some of the people and talking and preaching on the street, as well as looking after the building. We have not formally opened the building yet, but will do that in about two weeks, when Mr. Brown and I expect to go through

there as we start out for a month's itinerating. After the first of the new year we are planning to open a school in connection with this work. The school will be under the support of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. We expect this chapel and school to become a center of influence from which will radiate the spirit of the Christ.

Lu-chow-fu.

JAPAN.

Going Home.

Jessie J. Asbury.

It was my privilege, while on my way to Karuizawa to attend our yearly meeting, and to be present at the funeral service of one of our brightest and most capable young women—Yorodzu Sato, age twenty-five. As Pastor Kokubun said in the funeral address at the Sendai Church on that memorable Lord's Day, July 25th: "Yorodzu is not dead; the name Yorodzu is stamped as a seal on every heart with which she came in contact." Our beloved sister was baptized in the year 1901, soon after coming to Akita as Mrs. Erskine's language teacher, where she remained a year, doing faithful service at whatever her hands found to do. She had some musical ability and wanted to enter a music school, but Mr. and Mrs. Erskine made it possible for her to become a student in our mission school, where she continued until the day of her graduation last June. Since that time until it was necessary for her to seek health at the seashore she remained in the school as teacher, ever faithful to her duties in the school-room, assisting her senior teachers, and continuing her work in the church as organist and Sunday-school teacher. To watch her daily growth into nearness to her Christ was a constant joy to her teachers and co-workers. It can be truly said

of our beloved sister—no one knew her but to love her.

While competent physicians and nurses were doing all that human skill could do for Yorodzu at the hospital, a little niece of seven years was low with meningitis at the home. She constantly asked the family to pray that "dear auntie" at the hospital would be made well. But before the answer came, as we speak of the word well, her little body was freed from its pain, and she went to live with

Jesus. She must have called her auntie and told her how sweet it was up there, for in a few hours Yorodzu had followed the little one. The funeral services were held together, a sweeter and more impressive service could not be found—the Japanese Christians taking charge of everything in a most efficient way. Yorodzu's faith was strong up to the last, with a perfectly resigned spirit singing, "My Jesus, as Thou Wilt."



A Group of Students in Drake College, Tokyo, Japan.

Christian Endeavor Department.

The World's Convention.

H. A. Eicher.

Just now nearly all the workers in India are looking forward to the World's Christian Endeavor Convention in Agra. A great time for India is anticipated in that event. The motto of the Convention, "Christ for India, and India for Christ," is being kept in the foreground, and it is hoped that by the convention a great step

will be taken toward realizing the motto. Great preparations are being made by the committee in Agra. A great bill-of-fare, both physically and spiritually, is being prepared, and arrangements are being made to fill about every available space with tents for the accommodation of the thousands of delegates who will be there from all countries. It is not the purpose or desire of the convention to

make a great demonstration of Christianity and its power to overawe the heathen, even if this were possible, but in a quiet way to inspire and uplift the native church and instill into it a new zeal and enthusiasm for consecrated service, and to shed a quiet influence over heathen round about Agra and sow the seeds of Christianity into those who are touched by the convention, in such a way that a great forward step will be taken toward giving Christ to India and taking India for Christ. We are hoping for great results from the convention. The drawing together of the Christian forces of the nations in this land will mean much to the work in India, as will also the deeper insight into the real conditions and problems of India mean much to the work in other lands.

Endeavor Day.

Eight hundred and fifty societies used the Endeavor Day exercise furnished by the Foreign Society last year. It was a day long to be remembered by many societies. At least fifteen hundred societies should order supplies and observe the day this year. The new exercise has been prepared by Justin N. Green, and will be found very interesting and helpful. The exercise, together with other supplies for the observance of the day, are furnished free of charge to all societies taking an offering for the orphanage work at Damoh, India. Send in your order at once; make your plans carefully and have the greatest day in the history of your society.

Send all orders to F. M. Rains, Secretary, Box 884, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Illinois Leads.

More than \$120,000 has been given to the Foreign Society by the Christian Endeavor Societies since the organization of that movement. For the year closing September 30th they contributed \$15,040.25, a gain of \$1,868.51

over the preceding year. Illinois has held second place for many years in point of giving, but comes to the front this year with \$1,727.57; Ohio gave \$1,653.08; Missouri, \$1,156.25; Indiana, \$1,090.47; Kansas, \$983.05; Iowa, \$928.55; California, \$840.68.

The Society at Charleston, Ill., led all others, giving \$143; Cincinnati (Central), Ohio, gave \$125; Chicago (Jackson Boulevard), Ill., \$120.51; Des Moines (University Place), Iowa, \$110; Columbia, Mo., \$108.15. The following societies contributed \$50 or more:

Pittsfield, Ill.	\$96 00
Mansfield, O.	93 50
Eugene, Ore.	83 00
Topeka (First), Kans.	80 00
Milton, Ore.	75 00
Carthage, Ill.	65 00
Dodge City, Kan.	65 00
Boise City, Idaho	62 90
Iuka, Kan.	60 00
Brooklyn (First), N. Y.	60 00
Kimberlin Heights, Tenn.	60 00
Hamilton (First), O.	53 80
San Diego (Central), Cal.	53 00
Philadelphia (Kensington), Pa.	50 65
Warren (Central), O.	50 52
Philadelphia (Third), Pa.	50 05
Bloomington, Ind.	50 00
Bloomfield, Ia.	50 00
Kansas City (South Prospect), Mo.	50 00
Akron (First), O.	50 00
Wheeling (First), W. Va.	50 00

One thousand one hundred and four societies contributed to the work. Three hundred and seventy-three reached and sixty-one doubled their apportionment.

The watchword for this first year of a new century as a Brotherhood will be "\$20,000 from the Endeavor Societies by September 30, 1910." If we will all do our best, how easily this amount can be realized! Will you not see that your society does its full duty this year?

BOOK NOTICES.

The Quest of the Yellow Pearl. By P. C. McFarlane. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. Twenty-five cents in paper; 50 cents in cloth.

This is a work of genius. It is beautiful in every respect: in conception, in execution, in the printing and binding. The great truth it illustrates is this, "To him that hath shall be given."

The Story of a Century. By James Harvey Garrison. Christian Publishing Company, St. Louis. \$1 net.

This is an admirable book to place in the hands of a man who wishes a concise and accurate and appreciative account of the religious people whose Centennial was celebrated in Pittsburgh in October. It can be read in an evening or two. It is easy and delightful reading. "The Story of a Century" meets a long-felt want.

Alexander Campbell and Christian Liberty. By James Egbert. Christian Publishing Co., St. Louis. \$1.50 net.

The subject of this book is of the highest interest to all Christian people. The author has allowed Mr. Campbell to present his own thoughts

in his own words. This work is a most valuable contribution to the literature of the Disciples of Christ and to the literature of the world. This volume belongs to the literature of power. This is a book that will live; it will help the world to get a more accurate conception of the great thinker, whose thoughts are here set forth.

Centennial Addresses. By W. L. Hayden. Paper, 25 cents a copy; \$2 a dozen; cloth, 50 cents a copy, \$4 a dozen.

There are five addresses in this volume; one on Thomas Campbell, one on Alexander Campbell, one on Barton W. Stone, one on Walter Scott, and one on the Pioneers and Missions. The author is a man of ample information. His whole life has been a preparation for the writing of these addresses. If he did not know all the men concerning whom he wrote, he knew men who did know them. This personal knowledge was of the greatest value to him in giving to each man his place in the Restoration Movement. These addresses will richly repay careful study. All orders should be sent to the author, 14 N. Bolton Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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